National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

In a whole lifetime you may never strike such another bargain as offered on the 12th page of this paper.

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Pen Pictures of Guerrilla Life in Cuba

By THOMAS C. ESTERMAN.

I.

The first glimpse of the West Indian coast regions reveals an almost unbroken expanse of woodlands, and the traveler marvels by what process of devastation the natives of the Oriental tropics can have contrived to turn their forests into deserts.

In Cuba the jungles of the coast plain have frequently been cleared for scores of square miles, and the plantations have been made to yield a succession of uniform crops; but the fertility of the soil seems to defy exhaustion, and wherever farmlands have been neglected for a year or two the forest-gods of the wilderness are sure to resume their ancient sway.

To a hight of 2,000 feet above tide-water that exuberance of vegetation rather impairs the attractiveness of the country. Dense thickets of underbrush everywhere impede the work of the roadmaker, and homeseekers have to begin their struggle for existence with a campaign of destruction. But higher the aspects of nature realize the conceptions of a terrestrial paradise. The woods become park-like, open, and alternate with mountain meadows and copses of hazle-nuts, clustering around moss-covered rocks. The insect plague abates. Springs and pebbly brooks can be found on every square mile of ground.

In all these respects the Cuban insurgents enjoyed a decided advantage over the Spanish garrisons in the low-land towns; but, on the other hand, the Spaniards could almost boast a monopoly in the conveniences of civilized life.

TO THE INSURGENT CAMP.

Indolence and indifference to the sanitary blessings of a highland climate make the West Indian creoles incredibly averse to the trouble of mountain-climbing, and in 1897, when a messenger of Col. Parras conducted me to an insurgent camp in the hights of the Sierra de Cobre, I could almost fancy that my guide was purposely choosing the roughest mountain-trails, and avoiding the sight of human habitations.

For miles and miles the prospect from the promontories of the main range betrayed no trace of agriculture, no sand-isles anywhere in the wide-spread sea of verdure, and only here and there in the glens of the summit regions a trailing mist simulated a wraith of chimney-smoke.

In the early morning hours that impression of solitude is, however, modified by the thousand-voiced bird concerts of the mountain forests.

At the first gleam of dawn, when the night-hawks still circle about the flowering combax trees and before the phosphor light of the torch beetle has ceased twinkling in the gloom of the ravines, the approach of the sun is heralded by the shrieks of the noisy hill-paroquets and the still noisier Iris crow, a steel-blue connecting link between the crows proper and the blackbirds, or starlings, of the higher latitudes. Sleep becomes impossible in the neighborhood of the roost-trees, where the emotional little cousins of the jack-daw have passed the night, and debate the objective point of their forage excursion before they finally take wing and transfer their controversies to the river bottoms of the *vega*.

From five to 10 thousand *correxos*, as the Cubans call them, often gather in one roost. The paroquets, too, travel in swarms, chattering and screeching, but after sunrise can no longer monopolize the conversation.

Trumpet-voiced cranes rise from the lagoons, thousands of wood-ducks frolic in the reeds of the mountain farms, and from the bramble-thickets of the ravines comes the diapason of the *chachalaca*, or bush-pheasant.

RABBITS AND WILD DOGS.

Quadrupeds, on the other hand, are rare, so much so, indeed, that the first exploration of the West Indian woodland confirmed the companions of Columbus in the idea that they had landed in eastern Asia, where an ancient civilization—that of southern China, perhaps—had resulted in the extermination of wild animals. Here were neither deer nor anteiopes, foxes, bears or wolves; no squirrels, even, though the woods abounded with wild-growing nuts.

That deficiency has to some degree been remedied by the introduction of rabbits and the rapid increase of run-away pigs and dogs.

In eastern Cuba, where the caverns of the limestone sierras offer refuge from the discomforts of the rainy season, wild coneys can now be seen scampering across the roads as often as in rodent-haunted California, but their over-increase is checked by prowling dogs as ugly and predatory as jackals, and almost as noisy.

The Cuban guerrillas shoot these four-footed bushwhackers whenever they venture within rifle-range, knowing by sad experience that on the slightest encouragement they will hang around a camp and attract the enemy's scouts by their midnight yelps. My guide sent half a dozen bullets on an errand of that sort, and brought down a young *gallo vasteco*, or mountain grouse, that flopped across our trail, but not far enough, before it risked a rest in a myrtle-bush.

The Cuban creoles, like their Spanish cousins, are generally poor shots, unable to rival, or even to comprehend, the exploits of our rifle artists (they either refused to credit the record of Dr. Carver or ascribed it to black art); but the guerrillas have improved their marksmanship by constant forays in woodlands where their chance of survival often depended upon the possibility of securing a bag of wild fowl.

Besides wood-ducks and divers, there are snipes, four or five kinds of grouse, and a peculiar fleet-winged bird known as the *codornita* ("little quail"), and which seems to combine the characteristics of the pigeons and gallinaceous fowl. It flits pairwise about the grassy slopes of the upper sierra, and in suddenly rising, with a whirring noise, reminds one of the slate-colored dwarf doves of the southern Alleganies, though it builds its nest on the ground, like a quail or partridge.

Of true pigeons there must be close on a dozen species, including the *paloma real*, that attains the size of a mountain-raven, and wears a coronet of speckled feathers.

CUBANS POOR MARKSMEN.

In the haunts of these winged aborigines a good marksman need not starve, but the Cuban insurgents, as a rule, are too poor to use shotguns, and have not yet learned to snap-shot their small-caliber rifles at birds on the wing, nor at fugitive rabbits, which in the cave regions of the eastern sierras need not scamper more than a few hundred yards to find an inexpugnable refuge.

The *hutias* (a sort of overgrown wood-rats) enjoy the same facilities for escape, but, like our prairie-dogs, have a foolish habit of sitting up on their hind legs, to reconnoiter, before diving into the shelter of their burrows.

"A bush-rat is about the biggest game you are apt to get hold of, isn't it?" I asked my guide.

"Yes," said he; "unless we were to try dog-steaks, like the Pelados on Mayo River. There used to be a good many wild pigs, and near the coast you can see 50 of them in a drove; but in the sierra they have become very scarce."

"But I understand you never had any Portuguese fasts (times of outright starvation) in this camp?"

"No, not lately, anyhow," said the old campaigner. "Times did get fearful tight a year ago, when our ammunition was so often giving out, but we manufacture our own powder now; powder makers with every command in the east country; and for bullets, you know, you can make many shifts; we make them out of pewter and copper slag when we get out of lead."

He could not deny that his comrades were wholly out of shoes, and into *guarachos*, or home-made sandals; and with good-humored self-banter told me an anecdote about a rebel Captain who suspected one of his troopers of a preference for the independence of private brigandage. "Look here, Gaccia," said he one evening, "I'm pretty sure you intend to skip out to-night, and, of course, I—I—well, I can't stop you, though I wish I could make it worth your while to stay; but you have two pairs of boots, and if you do skip, you might as well leave me one of them."

The suspect made no reply; but the next morning Capt. R. found a pair of boots in his hammock, and liked their polish too well to spoil its radiance in pursuit of the former owner.

PATRIOTS AND BANDITS.

Leather in all its forms had become scarce, and more than one commissioned officer was obliged to remedy the threatened dissolution of his saddle-breeches with a net work of hemp strings.

Yet these semi-sansculottes belonged to the better class of insurgents, the "patriots," or guerrillas proper.

Their highly improper co-operators are bandits, in the toughest sense of the word, though they prefer to describe themselves as pelados, or ragamuffins, and attribute their depredations to the urgency of the law of self-preservation.

These heroes of the foray are mostly negroes, but recruit their ugliest members from the Yucatecos (natives of Yucatan), the east Mexican adventurers that can be found in all the principal seaport towns of the West Indies. Their approach is the signal for a general stampede of non-combatants, and the Spaniards do not much exaggerate the truth charging them with a determination to subsist by the labor of other men and a penchant for vagrancy that can be cured only with a dose of lead.

The camps of the organized guerrillas, too, harbor desperadoes of that brand, but also many indisputable patriots—men who have relinquished abundance and domestic comforts for the hardships of the wilderness, and attested the sincerity of their profession in many a fight against formidable odds. Their gypsy mode of existence has not deprived them of their self respect, though it has made them somewhat cynical in speech and manners.

RAGGED CHAMPIONS.

"*Va por pucheros de res*—hurrah for beef stews now," was the acclaim that greeted our arrival, when my guide stopped in front of a weather-shed, screening the entrance of the cave that served the purpose of a Quartermasters' store-house.

My contract with the emissaries of Col. Parras included an agreement to straighten out a cargo of long-range rifles that had been captured near San Carlos and brought to the mountains without other cover than a thick coat of rust; and our greeting referred to a plan to test the graded sights on the more than half-wild cattle of the mountain pastures.

Some three dozen ragged champions of independence were squatting about the campfire, mending their clothes or scraping a lot of yams that had been brought in by a troop of foragers. If my friends could not keep the pot boiling, the difficulty had evidently nothing to do with the lack of fuel. Of *resinazzos*, or pitch-pine knots, alone they had a pile sufficient to last a first-class bakery for a year or two.

"The Officer of the Day is gone to the lookout, but will be back in a few minutes," said my guide, ushering me to a seat in the shade, where I had a chance to examine the camp arrangements of my employers.

II.

In a corner of the weather-shed a mule was munching locust-pods, and every now and then tossing up its head to dislodge a gad-fly.

These flies and a species of blue hornet that insist on a share of all sweetmeats are the only insect plagues of the upper sierras. Musketoes somehow fail to ascend steep elevations of more than 3,000 feet, though their enterprise has no Northern limits, to judge from their mass-meetings on both shores of Lake Superior and the horrid reports of the Klondike miners. In that respect the narrow mountain-chains of the West Indies have an advantage over the Mexican table-land sierras, whose stagnant waters form ponds, and even extensive lagoons, enough to breed anything venomous, from a gnat to a jungle viper.

"Here comes the Lieutenant now," said my guide. "Wait—I'll tell him we brought you along."

"*Viene usted a una muy pobre casa* (you come to a poor man's house), Senor," said Lieut. Salinez. "Nevertheless, I'll warrant you won't starve if you can help us straighten out that stack of shooting-irons," pointing to a pile of rifle-cases and ammunition-boxes in a recess of the grotto. "Our raiders made a good haul, but they had to stick them in a *cache* right in a streaming rain. By bad luck some of the cases got broken, and there is more rust than iron now."

They were Mauser rifles, as rust-eaten as if they had been dredged from the wreck of a sunken steamer, and their captors had not managed to mend matters in trying to loosen the screws by main force.

"Yes; no wonder you shake your head," laughed the Lieutenant. "Do you think you can ever get them into working order again?"

"Oh, of course he can," said the guide, in his anxiety for a favorable issue of his mission. "Just ask him how many a week he can mend. What do you say, Don Tomas? We'll furnish you a ream of sandpaper and a youngster to help scraping."

"About three a day," I replied with some hesitation, after examining a second specimen; "but I'll have to keep at it while daylight lasts."

"Good for you," said the Lieutenant, slapping my shoulder; "let's say two a day, so you needn't work your hands sore, and can take out part pay in fun trying your luck with the bush-pheasants."

With that understanding I established my repair-shop in the Quartermaster's cavern of Camp Barrancas.

The Quartermaster himself returned that afternoon, and at once attempted to turn my job-contract into a permanent engagement.

AN ENTERPRISING QUARTERMASTER.

"Oh, you can be useful to us in a hundred ways," he insisted, "and a time may come when you will be safer up here than in any town. In a general rough-and-tumble fight a fellow might as well have a club of his own. We'll keep you busy, no fear of that. Say, you can make bibicaws, can't you?"

"Bibi——what?"

"Oh, baby-size shells, gun-shells and bullets—what d'ye call them in English? hold on, I have one on my shelf, the last of a box full."

It then turned out that he meant "B. B." caps, alias Flobert cartridges, and that he had an idea that I could manufacture them to order at a reasonable advance on the factory price, say, 40 or even 50 cents a hundred. There was nothing mean about Quartermaster-Captain Holgar.

I had to acknowledge the limits of my art.

"I told you so," said the Lieutenant; "those kind of cartridges can't be home-made; I opened one and found that they have no powder in. It's a trade secret, and they keep it close, or the market would soon be flooded with imitations. It's a pity they are so hard to get."

He then explained that they had a Flobert rifle and valued it above all the marvels of their armory, as it enabled them to fill their larder without making the echoes of distant sierras and attracting the attention of the enemy's spies.

"We cleaned it every day," said he, "and it has killed hundreds of birds and things; but we are out of ammunition now, and that's one reason why we are so anxious to get those Mausers mended. They don't make much noise, either, and we have cartridges enough to clean out this sierra from end to end."

"And some of the adjoining Townships?" I ventured to inquire.

"Why, yes," he laughed; "widows' cows excepted. This is a cavalier's camp, you know."

CAMP COMPANIONS.

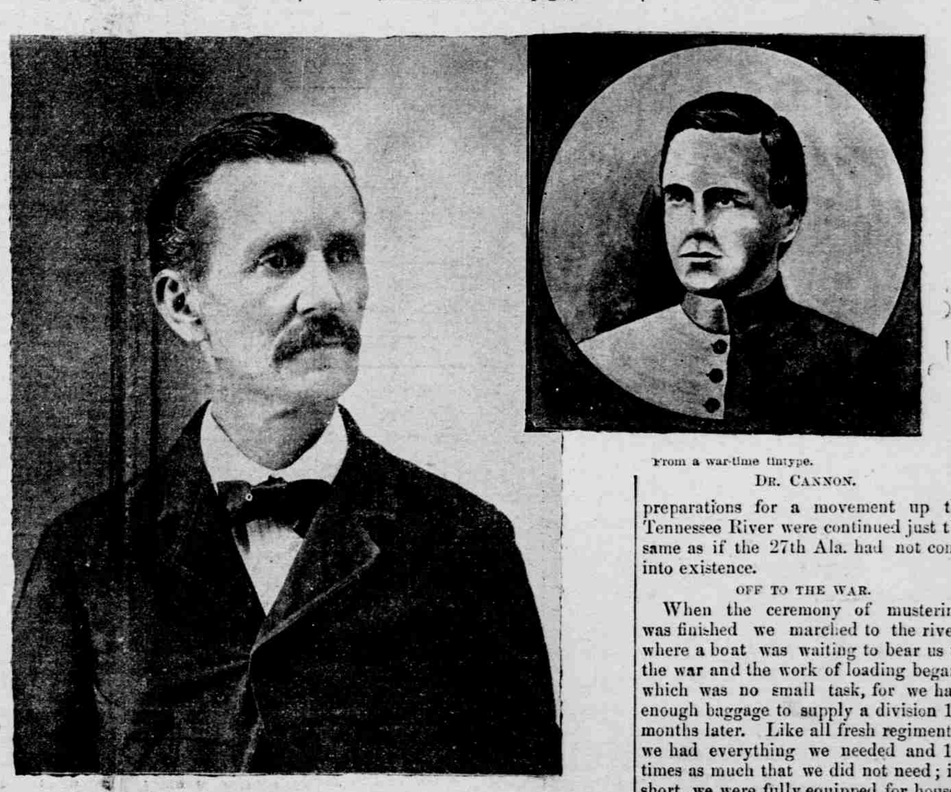
"*Todo blanco es caballero*" (every white man is a gentleman), says an old Spanish West Indian proverb; yet Camp Barrancas mustered two full-blood negroes, one mulatto and three *Yucatecos*, as the Cubans call immigrants from the coast provinces of Mexico. The rest, if not cavaliers of the Pelayo type, were Caucasian enough to "raise military mustachios and white"—— I hesitate to add the noun mentioned by my cicerone, who seemed to have studied the color contrasts of certain philanthropic parasites. Throughout Spanish-speaking America new comers are, indeed, apt to be amazed at the remarks of natives combining courteous manners and generous, or even poetic, instincts with a propensity for colloquial black-guardism that would startle the ostler of a Texas cowboy tavern.

It indeed has been said that not one-tenth part of the anecdotes perpetrated at the bivouacs of our Western hunters and miners would venture to make its appearance in print, but the vulgarians of those same camps could be stampeded by a literal translation of Spanish-American fireside conversations.

Yet, to be just, after volleys of blasphemies and portentious obscenities, Pancho Fernandez may redeem himself by an outburst of eloquence implying a considerable development of what our phrenologists call the organ of sublimity.

(Continued on third page.)

IN THE CUBAN CAMP—"I CAN MEND THREE A DAY," SAID I, EXAMINING ANOTHER R[illegible]E



From a recent photograph.

PORTRAITS OF DR. CANNON, AUTHOR OF "INSIDE OF REBELDOM."

BY DR. J. P. CANNON, Co. C, 27th Ala.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The original series of "Inside of Rebeldom" began in narrative with events of the Spring of 1864 and closed with the writer's muster-out at the end of the civil war. So popular did this narrative of personal experience become that Dr. Cannon has consented to give more of his experiences, beginning with his entry into the rebel army, and treating of events up to the point where he began his story of last year. He was very young when he left Florence Wesleyan University at the outbreak of the war, and, carried away by the prevailing war spirit and drifting with the tide, was eager to enlist. But his parents would not allow him to do so until after Jefferson Davis's call for more troops. Dr. Cannon's father had been a strong Union man up to the time of the secession of Alabama, but after the Ordinance was passed had abandoned all hope of a peaceful settlement, and considering it his duty to go with his State, had become a stanch supporter of the Confederacy.

The regiment in which Dr. Cannon enlisted was armed, as were others, with double-barreled shot-guns and bowie-knives fashioned by village blacksmiths from old files and other steel. Thus equipped they were ready, Dr. Cannon humorously expresses it, to exterminate all the Yankees who should be so foolish as to attempt to come up the Tennessee River. Every chapter of Dr. Cannon's story will be found delightfully written, and not an issue containing it should be missed.

His first two installments include events of the Forts Henry and Donelson campaign. Our readers will find throughout an absence from all rancor over the results of the war. He talks like a soldier who manfully did his duty as he saw it at the time, and after all glories in a united country.

CHAPTER I.

I enlisted in Co. C, 27th Ala., in the Fall of 1861. Companies from other Counties which were required to complete the regiment were slow, and it was not until the latter part of December that we were ready for organization. As the eventful day approached we began to tell friends and sweethearts good-by. Every young fellow who went to the war got a kiss from his "best girl," and as it was the first that many of us had ever enjoyed, it is not surprising that a last farewell was repeated over and over again before we actually took our departure.

Our patriotism ebbed and flowed, we being anxious to get off, yet loth to leave home and friends whom we might never see again. It was a trying time when the 24th day of December, 1861, came, the day set for us to meet in Florence and be "mustered in." One other company from our County and eight from other Counties in north Alabama met us at the appointed time, and as each numbered about 100, we had a full regiment, and were sworn into the service of the Confederate States for 12 months "unless sooner discharged."

If you Yankees could have seen that array of 1,000 doubled-barreled shot-guns, 1,000 long bowie knives—not keen, bright blades as the story writers would say, for many of these bore the marks of the unskilled blacksmith's hammer, and the rust of years still clung to them, untouched by the stone which ground them to a sharp edge—perhaps you would tremblingly have folded your tents and marched back to your Northern homes and left the Confederacy "one of the nations of the earth"; but you did not see it, and the war went on, battles were planned and preparations for a movement up the Tennessee River were continued just the same as if the 27th Ala. had not come into existence.

OFF TO THE WAR.

When the ceremony of mustering was finished we marched to the river, where a boat was waiting to bear us to the war and the work of loading began, which was no small task, for we had enough baggage to supply a division 12 months later. Like all fresh regiments, we had everything we needed and 10 times as much that we did not need; in short, we were fully equipped for housekeeping, with the single exception of feather beds, the nearest approach to that article of luxury being the bed-ticks that we carried for the purpose of filling after we should reach our destination.

When our tents, trunks, boxes of provisions, buckets, washpans, etc., were all on board and we marched on, that boat was probably more heavily loaded than it ever was before. It was late in the afternoon when, taking a last farewell of the anxious friends who had followed us thus far, we loosened the lines, and amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs steamed out down the "blue Tennessee."

This was the first steamboat trip for many of us, and we enjoyed the ride and the scenery, which was all new to us—even enjoyed the novelty of eating cold rations and sleeping on deck; but aside from this the trip was uneventful, and we reached Fort Henry on the morning of Dec. 26.

Henry was a small fort on the East bank of the Tennessee River, in Stewart County, Tenn. It had 10 or 15 guns, chiefly small ones, but looked exceedingly formidable to us who had never seen anything of the kind before. We were not allowed to land there, but were carried to the opposite side of the river, in Calloway County, Ky., where it was intended for us to build a fort that, with the assistance of Fort Henry, was to present an impassable barrier to all crafts and blow the Lincoln gunboats "to Halifax," if they should ever have the audacity to attempt a passage up the river.

Our baggage was dumped off on the bank, a guard left with it, and we marched across the muddy bottom to where the ground rose above high-water mark, gradually sloping upwards to the foot of a range of hills which bordered the river for miles in either direction. On this slope we pitched our camps, and began cleaning out the undergrowth and staking off the ground for each company.

JOYS OF THE RECRUITS.

We were provided with large wall tents, but having had no experience in stretching them had great difficulty in getting them properly adjusted; but after tearing down, readjusting, moving pegs from place to place numberless times, we finally got them arranged to our entire satisfaction. The next step was to buy lumber, put down floors, build bunks, and having filled our bed-ticks from a neighboring farmer's strawstack, we felt like we were ready to move in and begin housekeeping; for in our ignorance of the uncertainties of a soldier's life we thought we had "come to stay," and that it was the part of wisdom to make ourselves comfortable in the beginning.

All of us, from Colonel down to lowest private, were fully as green as the average recruit. I was the only member of my company who had had any experience in drilling, my knowledge in that line being limited to the small amount I had learned while at school. However, we had but little of that exercise to undergo, as the weather was bad, and it was difficult to find enough level land to drill on, except in the river bottom, which was too rough when frozen and too muddy when thawed. Nor were we subject to very rigid discipline; our regiment being the only troops on that side of the river, and no enemy near, we were allowed all the freedom we could ask.

Our rations consisted chiefly of a fair article of beef and cornmeal; but we were not much concerned about rations, for we had brought from home great boxes of boiled ham, chickens, pies, cakes, butter, eggs, coffee, etc., and those of us who lived near the river had promises from our good mothers of more to follow every week on the steamboats that made regular trips.

Camps once in good shape, engineers laid off our fort (which, like Bill Arp's well, "was never dug,") and we christened it Heiman, in honor of the Colonel of the 10th Tenn., who at that time commanded the forces on both sides of the river.

But little work was done on the fort; it seemed useless to waste our energies digging and spading, when we had not a single cannon to mount. The officers were so careless about it that we began to think maybe it was all a mistake about the anticipated invasion, or perhaps Gen. Grant had learned that the 27th Ala. was there with their double-barreled guns and bowie-knives, and had abandoned his plans altogether.

A TRYING NIGHT ON PICKET.

For the first two or three weeks we had as quiet a time as could be desired, with no enemy near, no guard duty except ordinary camp guarding, no picketing, as we depended on a small squad of cavalry that scouted in the direction of Columbus to apprise us of any approach of the enemy. But it so happened

From a war-time tintype.

DR. CANNON.